

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

ARE WE DOING SPAIN'S WORK?

Our forces have been in possession of the city more than six weeks, yet these political prisoners have not been liberated.

The Journal has received by cable an appeal from relatives and friends of the imprisoned men for agitation in their behalf. They ask that the release of these political prisoners be made one of the conditions of peace.

Was ever a request more ridiculous—or more mortifying?

We declare by act of Congress that the Cubans are and of right should be free. We go gladly to war to win for them their freedom. We are lavish of blood and of treasure in this cause. At Santiago we accept the aid and alliance of the Cuban insurgents in arms under General Garcia. We take the city, paying dearly in the lives of brave men for it. In the city we find men in prison for having aided and abetted the revolution which we have carried to success. What do we do with these men—morally our allies? Free them?

No! We leave them in the prisons where the Spaniards put them, until their friends petition that we get from Spain, as one of peace concessions, permission to turn them out.

That would be a theme for a comic opera if it were not stupidly and criminally serious.

The men imprisoned in Santiago for complicity in the revolution must be released at once. Spain is not now their jailer. The United States is. Are we ready to punish Cubans for rebelling against our enemy?

WHAT A PRINCE DID NOT SEE.

When the Duke of Wellington gazed on the first "reform Parliament" in England—a body which signified the disappearance of the "rotten borough" from existence, and which marked a great stride in the advance of English democracy—he had only this comment to make:

"I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my life."

What Macaulay, Carlyle, De Toqueville or John Fiske would have seen in that assemblage would have been something very different from the array of doubtful headgear which impressed the Duke. They would have discerned something under the hats, and something back of the fact that the shocking hats were there that made the moment one from which dates a new era in English politics.

But it is not given to all men to see the material and reject the immaterial things. The Roentgen rays of intelligent vision do not blaze in every man's eyes. We have heard of men who could see nothing in Faneuil Hall but a shabby structure occupied by a meat market, and no doubt there were men on the Boston wharves the night of December 16, 1773, who could not see the significance of what was going on for their interest in the disguises of the Boston burghers who threw overboard the tea.

The Prince of Flanders, presently to be King of Belgium, has visited the United States. He saw, according to his report, women riding straddle, a nation chewing gum, millionaires at Jekyll Island hunting savage pigs, extravagant luxury, and some other equally important matters, including too many reporters.

That is a not unjust summary of what this young man who will soon be King of a small but intensely developed nation says he saw in the United States.

Belgium is a manufacturing State—he saw nothing of the growth of the manufacturing interests of the United States and their spreading place in the world's market.

He is to be a ruler, a statesman—but he saw nothing of the expansion of the constitutional functions of the United States to meet the needs of a foreign war.

His people are impoverished—did he observe the condition of ours?

He will be a King with but little power unless by intellectual force he can impress himself and his convictions upon the political conditions of his country—did he observe what powers our President has?

A great country, great alike in area and resources; a people restless, intelligent, indomitable, striving onward constantly, as individuals and as a nation, toward an ever loftier ideal; a constitution which expands just when it is attacked as too inflexible, and a government which succeeds best when seemingly doomed to failure—these are some of the greater things that the Heli Apparent might have seen had he the eyes.

Doubtless there are travellers who might fail to observe the majesty of Pike's Peak because enraptured in contemplation of a bar at Manitou.

THE WASTE OF MIND.

Every city is just what the people in it are. If the people are intelligent and progressive, the city goes ahead. If they are stupid and sluggish, the city lags behind. Other cities realize this truth.

Does New York?

Other cities strive to bring out all the stuff there is in the minds of their citizens. They see that their children get the best training that money can buy. If there is a genius among them they do not intend to have him wasted. If there is a business mind capable of grasping the trade relations of the continent and devising means of diverting commerce from the metropolis they intend to get the benefit of it.

What is New York doing?

Turning thirty thousand children into the streets.

ENLARGE THE SCHOOLS. MAKE ROOM FOR ALL.

THE RETURNING SPANIARDS.

It is apparent that the condition of the Spanish soldiers in and about Santiago is such as to make the most ghastly stories of the state of our own men seem commonplace. Ten thousand of these prisoners are camped just outside the town. The camp has been the abode of death and agony. Two hundred or more were sent daily into the hospital—so called by courtesy only, for there were no medicines, no skilled attendance. The death rate has reached fifty a day. Now the transports are beginning the work of taking back the wrecked army to Spain—surely the most generous and merciful act that any victorious nation ever undertook.

It is fortunate that the ships entrusted with this duty are Spanish, by ownership and command, for upon them are likely to be enacted some of the most pitiful of war dramas. The United States Government cannot be held responsible for the treatment which Spaniards accord to their own countrymen. If some of these ships become floating charnel houses, the burden of the infamy will not rest upon us.

Nevertheless, it is the duty of this Government to feed its prisoners and to provide them with proper medical aid so long as they shall be prisoners. Is this being done at Santiago?

ALL JUST AMERICANS.

The following paragraph from the Journal displeases a sensitive correspondent:

The Navy: May the record of glory begun by Paul Jones, maintained by Decatur, Perry, Hull, Porter and Farragut, and renewed by Schley, Sampson and Dewey, be rightly rewarded by making our navy as strong in ships as it is in skilled hands and stout hearts.

"What is the matter with Barry?" asks this critic indignantly. "Is this meant for a deliberate slight to the Irish? Please explain."

There is nothing the matter with Barry. His exploits in the Revolution make him one of the brightest stars in the splendid galaxy of American naval heroes. That galaxy is so extensive, however, that merely to mention the names in it would be an affair, not of a sentence, but of columns. When we are recalling the glories of the navy we bring to mind a few typical names—sometimes one group; sometimes another. Instead of Paul Jones, Decatur, Perry, Hull, Porter, Farragut, Schley, Sampson and Dewey, we might have mentioned Barry, Truxtun, Bainbridge, Somers, Macdonough, Stewart, Cushing, Clark, Bagley and Wainwright. We should not have inquired in any case where any of the heroes happened to be born. They were all Americans.

HARMONY WITH CANADA.

This is an important day in the history of the North American Continent. The Joint Commission that is to settle the points of difference between Canada and the United States meets to-day at Quebec. The questions at issue are numerous and weighty. They include the fur seal disputes, the Atlantic, Pacific and lake fisheries, the Alaskan-Canadian boundary, the transit of merchandise, the treatment of laborers of one country in the other, mining rights, reciprocity, armaments on the lakes, wrecking and salvage rights, and various other important subjects.

This is the most hopeful effort that has ever been made to substitute concord for jealousy, friction and rancor on this continent. It comes at a moment when nobody has any capital to make from stirring up ill-feeling against Great Britain. There is an opportunity for the candid consideration of plans of agreement on their merits. It should not be allowed to fail.

The most important end that American statesmanship can pursue is the attainment of substantial unity throughout North America. Compared with that the ownership of the Philippines and the trade of China are trivial affairs. Whether it comes about through political union or not is comparatively a minor matter. The main thing is to know that we have loyal friends on the north with whom we can safely co-operate in the development of the resources of the continent, and from whom we need never fear a stab in the back while we are looking another way. That assurance the work of the Joint Commission may go far toward assuring.

THE AMERICAN ADMIRAL.

It is likely that one of the first things Congress will do at the coming session will be to revive the grade of Admiral, for the benefit of Rear Admiral Dewey. In doing so it will fall very far short of bestowing the honor that a European power would grant for similar services.

High titles in both army and navy are bestowed much more grudgingly, and represent a much more exceptional degree of distinction here than abroad. Here we have no General, Lieutenant-General, Admiral or Vice-Admiral, and the few men who have attained those ranks have been historical characters of dizzying eminence. In foreign service Field Marshals, Captain-Generals, Generals, Lieutenant-Generals, Admirals of the Fleet, Admirals and Vice-Admirals are so prevalent as to make the walking difficulty in places, and these grades are attained in the ordinary course by ordinary men.

Even Chili and Denmark have a Vice-Admiral apiece. Austria, whose navy is a practical joke, has one Admiral and two Vice-Admirals. Japan has one Admiral and five Vice-Admirals. Italy has one Admiral and six Vice-Admirals. So does Spain, whose navy we have recently been toying with. Germany, whose fleet is inferior to ours, has two Admirals and two Vice-Admirals. Turkey has two Admirals and nine Vice-Admirals. Russia, whose naval strength we are beginning to approach, has one General Admiral, thirteen Admirals and twenty-eight Vice-Admirals. France, which has our own republican jealousy of high rank, gets along with fifteen Vice-Admirals. Great Britain has eight Admirals of the Fleet, six active and two honorary; ten Admirals and twenty Vice-Admirals.

When our navy was first created the plan of organization provided for all the grades, from Admiral down. That was in 1781, before our independence had been acknowledged. But it was not until 1862, under the stress of civil war, that Congress began to carry this programme into effect, although the Executive, without legal authority, had recognized Paul Jones as an Admiral. The great Commodore of the war of 1812, like Perry, Macdonough and Stewart, were such only by courtesy. Until 1862 there was no higher legal rank than Captain. In that year Farragut was made a Commodore and then a Rear Admiral. On December 22, 1864, Congress created the position of Vice-Admiral, and Farragut was immediately appointed to fill it.

On July 25, 1866, for the first time in our history, the grade of Admiral was established by law. Farragut at once became our first Admiral. On his death, in 1870, he was succeeded by Vice-Admiral David Porter, and on the latter's death, while on the retired list, in 1891, the title lapsed. The rank of Vice-Admiral expired in 1890 with the death of Stephen Rowan.

We have had only two full Admirals in our naval history, Farragut and Porter. Certainly neither of them would feel humiliated by the addition of Dewey to the list.

POISONS AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

"The Druggists' League for Shorter Hours" is organized in a good cause. It attacks and will, we believe, overcome an evil which has grown to be not only an intolerable oppression of drug clerks, but a menace to the health of patrons of drug stores as well. The practice of making drug clerks work from fourteen to eighteen hours a day is responsible, according to the statement of the League, for errors in filling prescriptions committed by clerks while drowsy, or under the influence of drugs taken to help them bear up under the burden of overwork.

The League, however, has gone a little beyond the purpose expressed by its name in boldly attacking the sale by druggists of poisons, narcotics, intoxicants and nerve-debilitating stimulants under the guise of "tonics" or temperance drinks at the soda water fountain. This is an admirable work of reform. The modern drug store is in many cases as wide open a gate to mental and physical degradation as the lowest grocery of the slums. Callaies, widely used by people who think it non-alcoholic or a safe tonic, is in fact intoxicant and poisonous. It causes, say the spokesmen of the Druggists' League, paralysis, cirrhosis of the liver and diabetes. The uncounted preparations of coca sold by the "respectable" drug stores are more deadly than South street whiskey. They affect more immediately

the mind and break down more completely the nervous system than even an American cocktail of the kind sold in London—more could not be said.

This is a real evil. One that menaces no single class, no single sex, no single age, but all. The drinker at a bar knows the danger he braves, knows that the utmost caution and self-restraint are essential to protect himself against the effects of an indulgence which may become a habit. The drug store tippler usually imagines that he is doing a virtuous thing. He is eschewing alcohol and adhering to temperance. He is taking a nerve tonic which will "stimulate without any reaction"—a lovely and a lying phrase. He is repairing the physical ravages of overwork with a liquid health food—usually fabricated of materials which bear the same relation to health that poison does. And so, in one way or another, the drug store tippler is lured into a habit which the hardened dipsomaniac might observe with horror.

This evil ought to be corrected by the druggists themselves. There is a calling which necessitates professional training, and should imply professional honor. But if they want to do it, the power of the law must. If the drug store is to be as dangerous to society as the saloon, it must be subjected to like police supervision.

THE BACILLUS OF SOCIAL REFORM.

Two young New York men, boys almost, working at decent and fairly well paid trades, and giving their leisure time to impassioned advocacy of Socialistic remedies for social ills, have killed themselves within a few months. "The inequalities of life are too many, the injustices too great, the sufferings of the poor too bitter for us to witness and be happy," was the substance of their pleas. "We would rather die."

Foolish and hysterical, of course. If the creed which they clung to were a right one it was their duty to live and battle for it. By their deaths they give enemies of their faith opportunity to say that they had found it a failure, but dared not confess it—that there was no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

But how curious a thing it is that earnest and sincere, if not always wise, consideration and study of social conditions lead so often to mental disorder, despair and suicide.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

MAYOR VAN WYCK is wholly right about the prices charged by the asphalt companies in New York.

The combine must be broken up, and the Mayor's plan of establishing an asphalt paving plant belonging to the city is the best way to do it.

The city ought to do its own work, on principle, anyway. Contract work is often botched, and when done cheaply is so done at the expense of labor.

A YOUNG MAN who was senseless for twenty-two months is gradually regaining life and understanding.

Evidently there is still hope for Carl Schurz and the little Americans.

BY THE WAY, the time is in sight when a President of the United States desiring to communicate with officials in the American province of the Philippines would have to cable by way of Europe to do it. The Pacific cable and the Nicaragua canal are public works compelled by the results of the war.

WILL THE SCHOOL BOYS, the school girls, the Sons and Grandsons of This or That War, the Daughters of Anybody and other patriotic young persons who are planning to give war ships to this nation please consider a few facts?

A battle ship costs in round numbers \$3,500,000 without armament.

No public subscription ever taken in this country netted anything like that sum.

"Endless chains" are a nuisance which ought to be prohibited by law.

The nation is rich enough to buy its own war ships.

A very estimable patriotic impulse may sometimes be made ridiculous by being given an unwise and impracticable direction.

"THE BANKS IN KANSAS have more money than they can lend."—Current News Item.

Then industry in Kansas is not flourishing. A fat bank vault maketh a lean community.

INCIDENTALLY, YOU GREAT BANKERS and Wall Street financiers who are wrangling and scolding and lawing in frantic efforts to get some or all of the new city bonds, let us ask you a question.

How does it happen that the bonds of a city governed by that awful Tammany, with its 1896 record, are worth fighting for so hard, and bring a price practically equal to that of United States bonds?

STATE BOUNTY FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Camp Witkoff, Montana, L. I., Aug. 19.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I notice in the last two or three days' issue of your paper articles relative to large preparations for an army celebration and parade. This, of course, is proper and right, after the grand victory gained by the United States under such adverse circumstances. Now, what I want to say to you is this, and I think it would be a grand and charitable thing for the Journal to push: It is in reference to a State bounty for the soldiers who fought in a foreign country. We heard, when far away in the West Indies, that some measures had been taken by the State Legislature, but of the results we have heard nothing. The situation is simply this: There are at least from three to five hundred men in the Seventy-first Regiment who gave up their positions, and in some cases the only means of support to their families, to join this expedition and fight for their country. Now they are home, but in such a condition that for several months they will be physically unfit for business, if they are fortunate enough to escape with their lives. Some of them will never regain their health. To see them thus verify my statement. These men are broken down, caused by privations, hardship, hunger, heat and exhaustion, and on their arrival home, after being discharged, will be compelled the first thing to look for a position, when in reality they ought to have rest and care for at least two months.

If the generous Journal can in any way push this matter of bounty for these men you will have received the heartfelt thanks of every member and officer in the Seventy-first Regiment.

Another thing to consider is the fact that every other State in the Union that has sent troops to the front has done something for its soldiers in this respect save the Empire State. Fortunately I know a good home and need not worry for myself, but I do know of many, many cases as I have described. A bounty to these men would be a charity indeed. But it should come from the State.

By giving this matter your kind attention you will oblige,

A MEMBER OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT.

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

Who would have imagined that a man like Hobson, who was brave enough to face the Spanish battle ships, could be so completely upset by a smack?

"WERE BUT MY SPIRIT LOOSED."

Louise Chandler Moulton, in Harper's.

Were but my spirit loosed upon the air—
By some High Power who could life's chains unbind,
Set free to seek what most it longs to find—
To no proud Court of Kings would I repair:
I would but climb, once more, a winding stair;
When day was waning late, and dusk was kind;
And one should greet me to my fallings blind,
Content so I but shared his twilight dream.

Nay! well I know he waits not as of old—
I could not find him in the old-time place—
I must pursue him, made by sorrow bold,
Through realms unknown, in strange Celestial race,
Whose mystic round no traveller has told,
From star to star, until I see his face.

OUR ARISTOCRACY AT NEWPORT.

BY CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Yesterday commenced the very gayest week of Newport. The dinners, dances and celebrations will have one feature—that of a rejoicing over peace. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish will give a great ball on Saturday, the first large dance (the one at the Breakers being called a dinner dance simply) of the season. The favors in the cotton will be all illustrative of the recent struggle and its glorious termination, several of them bearing special reference to the Rough Riders. With the exception of a few Rough Riders there will be no military or naval guests, as this contingent from Fort Adams and the Naval College form quite a different element in society at Newport in the Summer.

Craig Wadsworth will be asked to lead the cotillon. He will also be asked to lead the other, which will take place at the Country Club the first week in September, where, for the first time since the Wilson ball of three years ago, there will be a dance.

The men who are getting this up have promised the governors of the Country Club that the furniture and decorations of the rooms will be respected, and that there will not be another riotous scene of mirth as occurred on the last occasion, after the ladies had left.

He Is Grand Carver to the Queen.

It is to be hoped that none of our exclusives will take it for granted that just because Sir W. Anstruther, who arrived by the Umbria on Saturday from England, holds the office of Hereditary Grand Carver to the sovereign of Great Britain in Scotland, he is a species of upper butler and occupies the place in Her Majesty's pantry.

And it will be quite useless for any of the rich to apply to him for the terms on which he would give to their domestic pointers in the difficult art of slicing the meat for the table.

It would be so nice, you know, to be able to say that your butler had received instructions from the chief of all the carvers in Scotland, namely, the Grand Carver to Her Majesty.

The baronet, who is descended from that Mary Carmichael who was the favorite maid of honor to Mary Queen of Scots, her pathetic lament being commemorated in the ballad of "The Queen's Maids," is in deep mourning, having but recently succeeded to the family honors and estates by the death of his father, who was a grand specimen of the old Scotch laird. The ancestral country seat is at Camuchie House, in Lanarkshire, and the office of Grand Carver to the sovereign has been hereditary in the family for more than five hundred years. The last time that the functions of this office were actually performed by the head of the house of Anstruther was in the presence of royalty at the state banquet given at the palace of Holyrood on the occasion of the visit of King George IV.

\$100,000,000 in Male Beaux.

The cotillon to be given Wednesday evening at the Hotel de Logerot, at Newport, has been styled that of the "stay at home." The hosts are the men who have been the beaux this Summer, and who have done such veteran service while there was an absolute dearth of the male element. Several of the men debutants of the season will be among the number. There will be Mr. Alfred C. Vanderbilt, Mr. Robert

L. Gerry, Mr. Robert Bibby Van Courtlandt, Mr. Winthrop Rutherford, Mr. Fernando Yznaga, Mr. Center Hitchcock, Mr. Gould Redmond, Mr. George L. Von Meyer, Mr. Reginald Brooks, Mr. Perry Belmont and Egerton Winthrop, Jr.

The aggregate wealth of these men is nearly one hundred millions, every one of them except Bobbie Van Courtlandt and Winthrop Rutherford being millionaires several or more times over.

The favors and trinkets will also be appropos of war, and the very handsome which can be purchased.

There is much discussion at Newport as to the selection of these men, each of whom will be limited to a very small number of invitations, with the absolute power of blackball. As nearly every one of them has a family feud on his shoulders, and an historic one at that, there is much curiosity as to who will be honored with invitations.

New Life for the Casino at Newport.

After several years of more than innocuous desuetude the Casino at Newport has started into a new life. For three Summers it was thought vulgar to appear in such a public place. In the view of the populace who paid an admission to the galleries. To be seen at the Sunday evening concert at the Casino was to be almost despised. This entertainment was patronized by the hotel and boarding house people, and by the tradespeople in the village and the servants. A Sunday dinner at the Casino was rare.

Now that a Philadelphia element has found root at Newport, the old desire for table d'hôte—the glory of Bar Harbor—has taken possession of the great watering place. The result is that it is extremely fashionable to dine on Sunday evening at the Casino, and as the accommodations are limited, it is proposed to have a roof garden. Admission to this will be by ticket for subscribers, and the idea is to keep at bay what is known at Newport as "the populace," who seem even in limited numbers to have been willing to pay the exorbitant fees for the privilege of bathing at Balley's Beach.

This explains the desertion of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and a few friends to a new bathing place, away at the other end of the settlement, opposite Gooseberry Island.

Civilian Element Snubbed.

If Newport is not the least military in its society, there is one Summer resort which is intensely so. This is Amherst, a small hamlet about thirty miles from Montauk Point. It has had a succession of military and distinguished visitors all Summer.

Among these have been Mrs. John A. Logan and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt. But the civilians there seem to have some grievance against the military set, of which Mrs. McCallum, the daughter of the late General Sherman, is leader. Any one not of military or naval connection is absolutely snubbed, and all the functions are emblazoned with uniforms and the Stars and Stripes.

Though the village is rather quiet, it has its hotels and its dances, and the feeling has been growing quite bitter between the two sets—the military and navy, which are all in, and the civilians, who are all out.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE SANTIAGO MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

"How magnificent is the Santiago Memorial Library!" exclaimed S. S. McClure, whose appreciation is precise. "It is magnificent as an idea, in the abstract, regarded as an act of cordiality."

"The idea allies art of war with letters, throws into an epoch flowers of sentiment and fruits of study and elevated thought. I believe it is perfect. The thought of dedicating the library to the officers and crew of the Texas, not to the battle ship, would make it so if nothing else were to be regarded."

"As a bookman, I regard in my expression of praise a multitude of details. They are carried out admirably. The library has quality, taste, aptness, heart. May I have the honor of seeing McClure's Magazine in it?"

McClure's Magazine, complete, in volumes bound and indexed, from the first number to the latest, came to the Santiago Memorial Library yesterday. "I know nothing more interesting," Mr. McClure said. And it was charmingly impressive, for the men who have the courage to praise a work that they admire—even when it is theirs—are scarce.

To the Santiago Memorial Library came also yesterday the following books of the Doubleday & McClure Company, all gifts of the publishers:

Nelie Blinchnan, "Bird Neighbors," Stephen Crane, "The Open Boat," A. Conan Doyle, "Songs of Action," Hamlin Garland, "The Spirit of Sweetwater," Joseph Hocking, "Miss Nancy Molesworth," Paul Lester, "Tales of the Real Gray," Rudyard Kipling, "The Day's Work," Tales from McClure's, Vol. I, Romance; Vol. II, Humor; Vol. III, The West; Vol. IV, Adventure.

John J. McCutcheon, "Our Navy in the Philippines," Bliss Perry, Editor, "Little Masterpieces"—First series: Vol. I, Poe; Vol. II, Hawthorne; Vol. III, Irving. Second series: Vol. IV, Franklin; Vol. V, Webster; Vol. VI, Lincoln (including the "Lost Speech"); Third series: Vol. VII, Macaulay; Vol. VIII, Ruskin; Vol. IX, Carlyle. Ida M. Tarbell, "Napoleon Bonaparte," George E. Waring, Jr., "Whip and Spur," "A Gunner Aboard the Yankee."

Irving Browne wrote on the flyleaf of his book of exquisite poems, "The House of the Heart," the following ex-dono:

"If another war were imminent, I would offer to the Texas some scores of big law books that I have perpetrated for use against the enemy as ammunition, but instead I offer the smallest of my works, the distillations of an old man's fancies and memories for many years, in hope that they may remind those gallant men whose home is on the great deep of their dear and longed-for homes on shore."

Then Irving Browne wrote for the library the following ballad:

A LITERARY JETTISON.

At the mouth of Santiago Bay,
Through hot and weary weeks,
The good ship Texas watching lay
For the crafty Spanish sneaks.

For chase and fight the ship made light
Her decks; her library,
That cheered her crew by day and night,
She threw into the sea.

Thus she without too much ado
To meet the foe was able,
And swiftly o'er the waters flew
Because she shipped her cable.

The volumes once considered dry
Are now become quite wet.

Books of private collectors came yesterday as usual for the sentimental shelves of the library. There are touching anecdotes allied with several of the books presented thus. They are all to be told in these columns in the course of the chronicles of the Santiago Memorial Library, printed here every day, and recalling the refrain of an epic poem in insistence upon the deeds of valiant men and the elevated mind of the Captain who said, "Don't cheer; they are dying!"

WILL THIS NEW FOOD AFFECT OUR MORALS?

"We now learn from Vienna of a discovery which may—very much doubt whether it will—produce a great change in our methods of living, and consequently, in the way of fashioning our lives, possibly even in our morals, using that word in its widest sense," says the London Spectator, in discussing Dr. Lillienfeld's discovery, of which a special cable to the Journal has already taken note.

"This discovery is the invention, by Dr. Lillienfeld, of artificial albumen. This is the essential element in nitrogenous foods, and is best and most simply seen in the white of eggs. We cannot live without albumen; but hitherto, while chemists in their laboratories have been able to detect and detach various other elements in food stuffs and manufacture them artificially, they have not been able to do the like with albumen. Now it is claimed that this has been successfully done."

"Suppose, for one moment, that this artificial food became generally used, and that its use superseded the older methods of eating with which we are familiar. Could a greater revolution be wrought in society? That 'toxin of the charm.' We should purchase our tabloids of albuminous material, flavored or combined with other elements as desired, as we now buy saccharin, or, if we are gentry, little, in those familiar little bottles. Living would be immensely simplified, the cook would find the turnip of old as a forgotten and needless functionary, the restaurant and kitchen would cease to be the important institutions they are, and many a weary housewife would have rest. Brilliant Savarin would become as antiquated as Lycurgus."

"If we did not develop 'high thinking,' we should have 'plain living' with a vengeance. One-third of our shops at least would close their doors; the people's

food would be made in great laboratories under the care of the Paragons of the future, and would be dispensed from huge magazines which would probably at an early date pass into the hands of some gigantic syndicate. Our grain fields, our pasture lands would no longer be needed for their present purposes; the very face of the earth would be changed. The rural population with nothing left to do would all flock to the cities to partake of the bounty provided by the chemists, and there would be a 'return to nature' never dreamed of by Rousseau.

"The social act of dining would be